SOME NEW BOOKS.

Is Consumption Contagious?

It was shrewdly said by Dr. Drake that "a disbelief in the contagion of consumption is highly favorable to the spread of that disease (if it can really be propagated in that way), inasmuch as in private practice, and both civil and military hospitals, no measures," or very inadequate measures, "of prevention are employed." How large a part of the community is interested in determining the communicability of phthisis is plain enough from the fact that from one-eighth to one-sixth of all the deaths which occur after a certain age are attributed to this disease. Now, whether tuberculosis can be transmitted not only by inheritance but also through the medium of food (milk, flesh, and so forth), through breathing the exhalations of a diseased person, or through inoculation, is a question upon which medical science cannot be yet said to have pronounced a final, conclusive, and universally accepted judgment. It is a question to which widely different replies have been given in different countries and at different epochs, but it cannot be denied that the drift of recent investigation points to an affirmative answer. Under these circumstances no popular treatise on a medical subject is likely to be more widely and earnestly read than the little volume compiled by Dr. H. C. CLAPP of Boston, and published under the title *Is Consumption Contagious?* (Otis, Clapp & Son.) Dr. Clapp has here presented, in a compact and lucid form, nearly all the material data and noteworthy conclusions of the department of medical literature bearing on this theme.

Premising that the word "contagious" is used throughout this book in its broadest sense of communicable, transmissible, or "catching," we may mark two or three facts indicating the revolutions which have taken place in medical opinion touching the propriety of applying such a term to consumption. From the time of Galen down to the close of the last century, almost all the celebrated medical writers in the world believed the disease to be contagious. Riverius declared contagion to be the chief cause of phthisis; Valsalva constantly avoided being present at the dissection of the lungs of persons who had died of that disease, and Morgagni avowed that he had never dared to make more than a very few autopsies of such subjects. In Italy the belief has at no time died out among medical practitioners, while the popular conviction on this head is so deeply rooted that a consumptive patient could not be more shunned and dreaded if he had the plague. So far, however, as central and northern Europe and the United States were concerned, a reaction against this opinion set in about a hundred years ago, and went so far that, about the middle of this century, the contagiousness of consumption was almost universally treated as an exploded theory. Thus, Sir Thomas Watson, lecturing in 1837, declared himself "satisfied" that the disorder does not spread by contagion. Dr. Walshe, writing a few years later, considered "the influence of contagion anything but proven." As late as 1872 Dr. Cotton, senior physician to the Brompton Hospital for consumptives, came out very strongly against contagion. After proving from statistics of his hospital, which covered a period of some twenty years, the absolute immunity of attendants and employees from this disorder, he propounded this theory to the believers in the communicability of phthisis, whether a permanent residence in a consumption hospital and long-continued working in its wards was not a very good way, indeed, "*not* to catch the disease." There is no doubt that Dr. Cotton's experience has heretofore constituted an almost insuperable stumbling block to those advocates of the contagion theory who have relied on historical and descriptive evidence. In such a conflict of testimony it was indispensable, in order to reach scientific demonstration, to prove by concrete experiment that tuberculous matter could be propagated by inoculation. This, as we shall see, was the ground on which the controversy was ultimately to turn.

Meanwhile, however, a decided change had come over the views of the medical profession in Europe and America, based, for the most part, on suggestive observations made in the course of practice. The report of the Massachusetts Board of Health for 1872 contained an analysis of some extensive correspondence on the causes or antecedents of consumption, instituted by Dr. Bowditch. Out of 182 physicians who answered Dr. Bowditch's query, "Is consumption contagious?" 110 replied in the affirmative, while 27 were doubtful. In 1878 Dr. Holden of Newark, N. J., published the results of a similar inquiry. Out of 250 physicians who expressed an opinion on the subject, 126 affirmed the contagiousness of phthisis, while 50 were doubtful. About ten years earlier Dr. William Budd, in an article on the nature and propagation of phthisis, published in the London *Lancet*, took strong ground for contagion. His conclusion was that tuberculosis is a true zymotic disease of specific nature, in the same sense as typhoid, scarlet fever, typhus, syphilis, &c., are, and that, like these diseases, tuberculosis never originates spontaneously, but is perpetuated solely by the law of continuous succession. Among the evidences for this assertion he adduced considerations founded on the pathology of phthisis, consisting in the evolution and multiplication within the organism of a specific morbid matter, with a tendency to elimination, and casting off of the same observed in zymotic diseases generally. He cited also the numerous recorded instances in which there is testimony to show communication from one person to another; and he referred to the geographical distribution of phthisis in past and present times, and especially its current fatality in countries—the Sandwich Islands, for example—which are known to have been entirely free from it when first discovered by Europeans. In the greater frequency of the disease on low levels, and its entire absence, except through importation at high levels, Dr. Budd recognized the physiographical conditions which govern zymotic maladies in general, while he pointed out the high rate of prevalence in crowded communities, convents, harems, barracks, penitentiaries, &c.—that is to say, in the very same social environment where other zymotic diseases are observed to be most readily propagated.

Such was the divided state of opinion on this subject—the array of affirmative evidence being explained by skeptics as examples of coincidence and "predisposition," or met by such awkward counter-facts as those supplied by Dr. Cotton—when the German and French physicians undertook to determine by actual experiment whether tuberculosis can be transmitted, first through the medium of food or of inhalation, and second through inoculation.

Is the "pearl disease" in cows—so called from the grape-like appearance of the tubercular masses—absolutely identical with tuberculosis in man? Among the weighty authorities on the affirmative side of this question is Prof. Schüppel of Tübingen, who has made a thorough study of the subject, while Prof. Virchow of Berlin, after equally exhaustive experiments, is disposed to defend the negative. The purport of the researches of Villemin, Chauveau, Klebs, Gerlach, Zürn, and others, which involved the injection of tuberculous matter obtained from man and from beef cattle in various animals, as well as experiments with the milk of phthisical cows, is summed up by Bollinger as follows: There is, he thinks, every reason to view with grave suspicion the use of the flesh of phthisical cattle as food, especially if the disease is much advanced and the tissues generally affected. But with more reason, he continues, the milk of cows suffering from tuberculosis should be prohibited, more particularly for the use of infants, who mainly rely on milk for their sustenance, and whose powers of absorption are very active. Virchow's experiments, undertaken with the aim of settling the question as to the amount of injury done by eating the flesh and drinking the milk of cattle affected with the pearl disease, extended over a period of four years. His results were to some extent similar to those of his predecessors, but he hesitated to explain them in the same way. He maintained that other observers had failed to distinguish real pearl nodules, especially in their earlier stages, from other nodules pathologically distinct, such as the cheesy formations often met with in the lungs (resulting from a chronic peri-bronchitis or pneumonia), which have become contracted, fibrous, and even calcareous. His conclusions were indeterminate, reflecting the state of doubt in which his mind remained. All that he would pronounce himself "sure of" was that there were more "sickly" animals (whatever the precise nature of the sickness might be) among the subjects of his experiments than among animals of the same species in their natural condition. He acknowledged further that the suspicions now becoming current that the nodulous products of the pearl disease are injurious to man are, in reality, well founded, and that the public authorities should prohibit the sale of such specific products. But he found so little evidence of hurtful results from eating simply the *flesh* of animals afflicted with that malady (provided that there were no pearl nodules in it) that he hardly felt warranted in advising the Government to prohibit the sale of such flesh after all the nodules had been carefully removed. The reader will perceive, however, that even this cautious statement makes the rigorous inspection of slaughter houses a matter of vital import to the public welfare. As to the taint transmitted by the milk of cows suffering from the disease he did not consider his experiments conclusive, and he refused to give a decided opinion on the subject, although it seemed to him probable that the milk of those cows whose udders were affected might be injurious. Although, too, Virchow recognized the harmfulness of the nodulous products when eaten, as well as (in certain cases) of milk, still he did not deem it proved that there is a special virus in the pearl disease, and suggested that future experimentation should take the direction of feeding with still other morbid products to see if some of them will not produce similar results. We may add that experiments later than those of Virchow indicate that if human tuberculosis and the pearl disease of cattle are, as the German scientist maintained, not identical, they are at least intercommunicable. In the *British Medical Journal* of May 22, 1880, Dr. D. H. Cullimore reports the case of a dog who swallowed a quantity of the matter expectorated by his master, who was suffering from advanced pulmonary consumption. The dog soon sickened, became emaciated, had a cough, and at the end of twelve days died. Upon a post-mortem examination the lungs were found studded with softened patches in various stages of caseous degeneration, many of them containing mucopurulent matter. On the other hand, Dr. Charles Creighton reported to *The Lancet*, June 19, 1880, that he had attended several patients whom he supposed to be affected with common acute miliary tuberculosis. At the autopsy, however, he was surprised to find exactly the same peculiar pearly nodule formations which are wont to be seen in cattle that have died of the pearl disease. His inference was that these patients had caught the malady through eating meat or through milk.

Is consumption to be classed with small-pox and syphilis, among the diseases designated as "specific?" Will, in other words, its characteristic tuberculous product, when directly introduced into the circulation of another person by inoculation, generate, not merely a disease, but literally the same disease? The most prominent, if not the first of experimenters, was Dr. Villemin, professor at the Val de Grâce Hospital at Paris, who gave an account of his researches toward the close of 1866. Dr. Villemin operated on twenty-two rabbits, inoculating them with fragments of tubercle taken from the lungs of men who had died of phthisis. In all but two of them tuberculization of the lungs was disclosed on post-mortem examination. It was urged that these cases were by no means conclusive, the rabbit being particularly susceptible to tuberculosis, and that the test, to be satisfactory, ought to be made on animals which are seldom or never phthisical. Objection was also made to his using tuberculous material taken from men who had been dead from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and it was suggested that his results might have come from the cadaverous substance simply, and were not, therefore, a proof of a specific virus resident in tubercle. To meet these objections Dr. Wm. Marcet of London inoculated nineteen guinea pigs with the expectoration of living patients. The deduction from his experiments was that the inoculation of guinea pigs with the matter coughed up by persons suffering from tubercular consumption, will, at all events, in a certain stage of the disease, give rise to the formation of turbercles in the subjects of the operation. Similar results were obtained by Messrs. Herard, Cornil, and Genaudet in Paris, and Legert in Germany. An experiment performed in Syra, Greece, was specially remarkable from the fact that the subject was a human being. A man who was suffering from gangrene of the big toe of the left foot, and for whom death was inevitable in consequence of his refusal to submit to amputation, not only was shown, by a careful examination, to have perfectly healthy lungs, but there was abundant evidence that he had not the least tendency to tuberculosis. A quantity of sputa from a man in consumption was now injected into the upper part of the left thigh—whether with or without the subject's consent we are not informed. In three weeks an examination of his lungs showed the beginning of disease, and in thirty-eight days, when the man died from gangrene, seventeen tubercles were found in the upper lobe of the right lung, and two in the left lung. This case seems to furnish pretty strong evidence that the tubercles discovered were a direct result of the inoculation, as it is exceedingly improbable that a man of his age (55 years) could, without the inoculation, have had so many—all, too, being only in the first stage of development.

If we had before us only the experiments just mentioned, most persons probably would be convinced that phthisis is a specific disease, transmissible by inoculation. On the other side, however, must be set the apparently successful experiments of Clarke, Fox, Sanderson, Schottelius, and others, who, by the introduction of non-tubercular matter, such as cuttle-fish powder, pulverized cheese, and even common sand, produced in the animals on which they operated nodules which they pronounced indistinguishable from tubercles. Such stumbling blocks can only be removed by denying that what seemed to these men tubercle was tubercle. This was done by Villemin himself in 1868, by Parrot in 1872, and by Prof. Da Costa of Philadelphia in 1880. The latter, reviewing the whole subject, pronounced "the production of true tubercles from non-tubercular material, either by inoculation or by inhalation, to be not proven." He admitted that inflammatory nodules arise, but denied that these have the structure of genuine tuberculous formations. The weightiest affirmation on this head is to be found, however, in a monograph of the well-known pathologist Prof. Julius Cohnheim, published at Leipzig in the present year. Dr. Clapp points out that Cohnheim's views are all the more important, because when Villemin first promulgated his theory he was one of its most vigorous and influential opposers, and he seems to have been convinced against his will by a long series of carefully conducted experiments. He thinks that what certain other investigators have called tubercle, resulting from the inoculation of non-tubercular material, was not veritable tubercle at all, although it may often resemble it. So thoroughly assured has he become of the specificity of tubercle, that he declares inoculation may be employed as a test to ascertain the character of any doubtful pathological product outwardly resembling tubercle, and that we cannot, with absolute certainty, distinguish tuberculous material in any other way. This test of inoculation, when applied to human, miliary tubercle, to the products of caseous pneumonia, or to cheesy, scrofulous, lymphatic glands, as well as to the fungating tissue of strumous joints, shows, according to Cohnheim, that they are all manifestations of one and the same virus. Cohnheim concludes that the nature of tuberculosis can best be described by comparing it with syphilis, between which and the first named disorder he discovers at all points the closest analogies. Each disease, he says, requires, above all things, infection—transmission from person to person, which in the case of consumption takes place most frequently by inhalation. Each must have its specific virus, which must reach a mucous membrane or a broken surface in order to be absorbed and induce the disease. Each manifests itself by a local lesion, from which it spreads and becomes general. Each is transmitted by heredity, and, thus transmitted, may be latent for a longer or shorter time. Again, while both diseases may be inherited, it is also true that both diseases, in the vast majority of cases, are not the fruit of inheritance, but acquired; and finally, both tuberculosis and syphilis may disappear from the body entirely, and a perfect cure may result, although with either it is not always possible to feel sure that, even where it is apparently cured, it may not return.

Tennyson's Latest Poems.

Are there any readers now who look forward with such eagerness to a new volume from Tennyson as they did who were first awakened to the power and beauty of poetry by the author of "The Princess" and "In Memoriam?" Is it true of the last decade, as it was of the ten years between 1850 and 1860, that the first voice to rouse the English-speaking lad or girl to a sense of the specific charm of a poet's point of view and a poet's treatment is the voice of Alfred Tennyson? It seems to us that, in this instance, the crude test of sales is peculiarly untrustworthy as a measure of influence and esteem. The audience which the veteran singer still commands is largely, we suspect, made up of elements which could scarcely be controlled by any of his recent compositions were they anonymously published. Those who owe a debt to Tennyson listen to him with a grave, courteous, sympathetic attention, in which gratitude counts for something, habit for a good deal, but from which the old keen zest and impulsive homage seem to have departed. What is this but to say that while humanity grows the men who bear most deeply the stamp of a given generation cannot, from the nature of things, grow with it; that they are rather waymarks than participants in the ongoing of the race; that the wisdom garnered in the old time has few points of contact with the yearnings of the new, and that he who sang to their grandsires cannot expect to keep his heart young for half a century, and utter with equal truth and equal spontaneity the thoughts and aspirations of the youth of to-day? What is true of Tennyson is true in some degree of his greater coeval Victor Hugo, and would have been no less true of their radiant contemporary Alfred de Musset, viewed merely as a lyric poet, had it been his lot to journey with his brother minstrels to the end. Men read them, and men honor them; but the fact cannot be gainsaid that both have survived the plenitude and splendor of their fame.

There was a time when the spirit of Tennyson's verse seemed preëminently congenial, and when its form was artistically the most perfect with which his readers were acquainted. Whether considered in the function of bard and seer or in the capacity of artist, he has been superseded or eclipsed. The point of view taken by "In Memoriam" has been abandoned; the moods reflected in that poem, so far as its scope contemplates anything but private grief, were expectant and fugitive; its philosophy, if the term be applicable at all, was a philosophy of transition. The poet's attitude, which reproduced faithfully enough the position of English thought and culture at the epoch, was one of vacillation and unrest, from which the past was regarded with regret, and the future with foreboding. His posture was that of one clinging to the fragments of a wreck, and watching with strained gaze a blank horizon; his voice, as he himself has recognized, was that of one crying in a wilderness, and with no language but a cry. The author of "In Memoriam," like the audience he addressed, had partially abjured an old creed, but had not found a new; his generation had not passed from the tumult of harassing, reluctant skepticism to the calm which certain thinkers aver is to be found in a candid, resigned agnosticism. The exciting conditions of his verse were nearly identical with those which inspired De Musset, a difference of individual character and experience, accounting for the different accent in the strains of the French lyrist. So far as the two are lyrical exponents of their day, the surpassing temporary lustre of their names and their subsequent obscuration are explicable on the same grounds. There was a time when "Rolla" and "In Memoriam" were in everybody's hands, because every one had the key to them. If we have ceased to ponder them with the same poignant eagerness, it is because the key is no longer cared for. Regarded as disclosures of current feeling and aspiration, they do not now wear the look of contemporary outpourings; they have become historical documents. In England, at all events, later singers have struck a note more perfectly in unison with the temper of the hour. So far as the agnostic philosophy tends toward a sensuous egoism, it has been most effectively interpreted by William Morris in "The Earthly Paradise;" while on its ethical and sentimental side, Matthew Arnold utters the voice of its wistful and unsatisfied aspirations. Indeed, no poet has yet arisen to depict the benignant play of those altruistic impulses in which Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of the school, sees a sufficing substitute for religion and the hope of civilization.

Alfred de Musset is still great, not only because his exquisite artistic aptitudes have not been paralleled by any of his successors, but because he was a dramatic as well as a lyric poet. That Tennyson is distinctly wanting in the faculty of dramatic creation, of voluntary metempsychosis, of self-transportation into multiform personalities and amid untried surroundings, will not now be gainsaid by the most friendly critic. This deficiency, which was scarcely sensible so long as he uttered a widefelt yearning and repining, must become more and more a cause of dissatisfaction to those for whom his *Zeitgeist* will be an enigma or an archaism. If Browning's lot has been the converse of Tennyson's, if his reputation has slowly and steadily waxed instead of waning, it is because the one possesses in a superlative degree the quality absent in the other. It was just because Browning could not show himself more sensitive to the impact and atmosphere of one age than of another, because his eye and thought seemed as much at home in the Athens of Euripides, the Lombardy of Sordello, or the midnight of mediæval Germany, as in the cross-lights and turmoil of the modern world, because, in a word, his mind was, so to speak, cosmopolitan and cosmochronical, that he measurably failed to win the ear of contemporaries, preoccupied with echoes of their own musings and misgivings. It was natural that the orb of Tennyson's genius should transcend Browning's to the popular eye, while its rays were refracted through a haze of intense, though evanescent, sympathy. But it might have been predicted that the skies once cleared, Browning's would outshine the other.

In his rôle of artist, also, Tennyson has been relegated to a secondary place. There was a time when even those who imputed a want of fibre to his poetry, and professed to have outgrown a sympathy with its spirit, still acknowledged his incomparable grasp on the mechanism of verse, and his curious felicity of phrase and epithet. In the elements of technical perfection he evinced a marked superiority, if not at all points to Shelley, yet certainly to his other teachers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats. As for Byron, whose star was still in the ascendant during Tennyson's youth, but who would not be classed among the latter's instructors, his workmanship looked rude and hasty beside the dainty finish of Tennyson's compositions. Looking back, however, on the special trait of this artistic excellence in the light of Swinburne's revelations, we can see that we prized Tennyson less for his music than for his rhetoric, that we were captivated rather by the unerring delicacy of his taste and the microscopic keenness of his glance than by the exquisite sensitiveness of his ear and the bell-like sweetness of his tones. Educated as we now are to a higher standard of melody, we perceive that his productions are rather picturesque than tuneful; that what we took for song was often but softly modulated speech. Beside the consummate aptitudes of his successor, Tennyson seems but a tyro in the management of metrical structure and convolution, of rhythm and cadence, of rhyme and assonance—indeed, a stranger to a whole realm of harmonies and euphonies in which Swinburne is not only pioneer, but sovereign. This dethronement of Tennyson as an artist is a more palpable phenomenon than the growing indifference to his speculative and ethical point of view.

Of course, when men compare Tennyson with Browning, or with Swinburne, they have in mind his strongest and brightest work. It would be unjust to measure him by the occasional performances of very recent years which have been collected under the title of *Ballads and Other Poems* (J. R. Osgood & Co.). There are examples in this volume of almost every kind of poetic composition previously essayed by the author, and everything is stamped with the hall mark of Tennyson, which is still a guarantee of careful craftsmanship and sterling value. But everything seems paler, fainter; the conceptions are less bold; the drawing is less firm and fine; the colors are less vivid. There are studies in dialect, for instance, "The Northern Cobbler" and the "Village Wife;" but there is in them less attention to the projection of quaint character and more pottering over the provincial idiom, which is the mere medium of expression, than in earlier ventures of the writer in the same direction. Again, "The Defence of Lucknow" and "The Revenge," regarded as ballads of war, are but sorry successors to such a Pindaric strain as "The Charge of the Six Hundred." In the "Voyage of Maeldune" there are passages in which the poet seems to have fallen into the mood in which he wrote "The Lotus Eaters," and in which he seeks to paint once more the luxuriant splendors of tropical nature; but the sketch is relatively dim and cold. There are two attempts at dramatic portraiture, in the form of monologues ascribed to Sir John Oldcastle and to Columbus, as to which we venture to say the uppermost feeling in the reader's mind will be a wish that Browning had written them. The "De Profundis" is interesting, as indicating the last stage of Tennyson's philosophy, whose first halting place is disclosed in "In Memoriam," and whose intermediate station might perhaps be found in "Lucretius." The poem which exhibits the most sustained power is "The Sisters," a narrative in the vein of "Aylmer's Field." We make two excerpts which will indicate the story:

I was bound to her;
I could not free myself in honor—bound
Not by the sounded letter of the word,
But counter-pressures of the yielded hand
That timorously and faintly echoed mine,
Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of her eyes
Upon me when she thought I did not see—
Were these not bonds? nay, nay, but could I wed her
Loving the other? do her that great wrong?
Had I not dream'd I loved her yestermorn?
Had I not known where Love, at first a fear,
Grew after marriage to full height and form?
Yet after marriage, that mock sister there—
Brother-in-law—the fiery nearness of it—
Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood—
What end but darkness could ensue from this
For all the three? So Love and Honor jarr'd,
Tho' Love and Honor join'd to raise the full
High tide of doubt that sway'd me up and down
Advancing nor retreating.

* * * * * * *

For on the dark night of our marriage day
The great Tragedian, that had quench'd herself
In that assumption of the bridesmaid—she
That loved me—our true Edith—her brain broke
With over acting, till she rose and fled
Beneath a pitiless rush of autumn rain
To the deaf church—to be let in—to pray
Before that altar—so I think; and there
They found her beating the hard Protestant doors.
She died and she was buried ere we knew.

The best lines in "Columbus" are the following, which ascribe to the great navigator a not unearned remorse:

Still for all that, my lord,
I lying here bedridden and alone,
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king—
The first discoverer starves—his followers, all
Flower into fortune—our world's way—and I
Without a roof that I can call mine own,
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,
And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum
I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,
Villainy, violence, avarice, of your Spain
Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,
Their wives and children Spanish concubines,
Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,
Some dead of hunger, some beneath the scourge,
Some over-labor'd, some by their own hands—
Yes, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill
Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain—
Ah, God, the harmless people whom we found
In Hispaniola's island Paradise!
Who took us for the very Gods from Heaven,
And we have sent them very fiends from Hell;
And I myself, myself not blameless, I
Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.

And here is what Sir John Oldcastle is made to say of Henry V., in whom most of us see only the large and genial lineaments which Shakespeare gave him. Tennyson reminds us that this jocund roysterer was scarcely seated on the throne when he began a frightful persecution of the Wickliffites and hounded to death his old comrade Lord Cobham, for insisting that the Bible might be lawfully translated into English, and for denying the authority of the Pope:

Rose of Lancaster
Red in thy birth, redder with household war,
Now reddest with the blood of holy men,
Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—

* * * * * * *

My friend was he.
Once my fast friend; I would have given my life
To help his own from scathe, a thousand lives
To save his soul. He might have come to learn
Our Wiclif's learning; but the worldly priests
Who fear the King's hard common sense should find
What rotten piles uphold their mason work,
Urge him to foreign war. O had he will'd,
I might have stricken a lusty stroke for him,
But he would not; far liever led my friend
Back to the pure and universal church,
But he would not. Whether that heirless flaw
In his throne's title make him feel so frail
He leans on Antichrist, or that his mind
So quick, so capable in soldiership,
In matters of the faith, alas, the while!
More worth than all the kingdoms of this world,
Runs in the rut, a coward to the priest.
Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my dear friend!
Burnt, too, my faithful preacher, Beverley!
Lord, give thou power to thy two witnesses!
Lest the false faith make merry over them!
Two—nay, but thirty-nine have risen and stand,
Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,
Before thy light, and cry continually—
Cry—against whom?
Him who should bear the sword
Of Justice—what! the kingly, kindly boy;
Who took the world so easily heretofore,
My boon companion, tavern fellow—him
Who gibed and japed—in many a merry tale
That shook our sides—at Pardoners, Summoners,
Friars, absolution sellers, monkeries,
And nunneries, when the wild hour and the wine
Had set the wits aflame.
Harry of Monmouth,
Or Amurath of the East?
Better to sink
Thy fleurs-de-lis in slime again, and fling
Thy royalty back into the riotous fits
Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and mine,
Thy comrade—than to persecute the Lord,
And play the Saul that never will be Paul.

There are comparatively few examples in this volume of those true thoughts conceived in apt and luminous metaphor, and compactly couched in short and burnished phrase—those triumphs of expression in which Tennyson was once so rich, and which he has himself described as "jewels five words long, which on the stretched forefinger of all time glitter forever." Here is one, however, which most happily describes the function which hypothesis has more than once fulfilled in scientific investigation:

Were you at Salamanca? No.
We fronted there the learning of all Spain,
All their cosmogonies, their astronomies:
Guess-work *they guess'd it, but the golden guess*
Is morning star to the full round of truth.

And here is a simile which renders at least intelligible a much-discussed psychological phenomenon, to wit, love at first sight:

Love at first sight
May seem—with goodly rhyme and reason for it—
Possible—at first glimpse, and for a face
Gone in a moment—strange. Yet once, when
I came on Lake Llanberris in the dark,
A moonless night with storm—one lightning fork
Flash'd out the lake; and tho' I loiter'd there
The full day after, yet in retrospect
That less than momentary thunder-sketch
Of lake and mountain conquers all the day.

In "The Lovers' Quarrel" the poet obtains a powerful hold on the emotions of the reader through the species of shock administered by the abruptness and simplicity with which the catastrophe is disclosed in the last line. We quote the last two stanzas:

And then he sent me a letter, "I've gotten my work to do;
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you;
I am sorry for all the quarrel, an' sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey, and go to-night by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me,
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right"—
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

We cite also a sonnet to Victor Hugo with which the reader possibly is unfamiliar:

Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and Lord of human tears;
Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!
Who dost not love our England—so they say;
I know not—England, France, all man to be
Will make one people ere man's race be run:
And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England in the boy my son.

There is something noble in the reverence with which the English laureate, who in his time has known what it is to be beloved, if not revered, bares his head to one who might be termed, in point of years, his own coeval, but who among living poets is acknowledged to have no compeer.
M. W. H.

Reminiscences of Gov. Andrew.

Thirteen years have now elapsed since the death of the remarkable man known as the "war Governor" of Massachusetts, yet there are no signs of the speedy appearance of the biography in whose preparation Mr. E. P. Whipple has been understood to be engaged. The Messrs. Roberts, therefore, have done well to publish the small volume entitled *Memoirs and Reminiscences of John A. Andrew*, by PELEG W. CHANDLER. It is true that the sketch of his subject's life originally prepared by Mr. Chandler for the Massachusetts Historical Society is somewhat meagre in substance and academical in tone. It was not, he tells us, consistent with the usages of the society to enter into a discussion of controverted political points, nor would it, we infer, have tallied with the austere temper of that body had he ventured to enliven his discourse with cheerful and suggestive anecdotes. The skeleton of facts presented in this memoir is, however, abundantly and happily filled out by Mr. Chandler in the personal reminiscences included in the present volume, and which seem to be the fruit of long and intimate acquaintance with Gov. Andrew. There is, to be sure, one characteristic and interesting incident, which happens to turn upon a prayer recorded in the memoir itself, namely, an informal mission, on which a young Boston merchant was sent to Abraham Lincoln, and which is thought to have hastened the emancipation proclamation. But this was very generally reprinted in the newspapers at the time of its first publication in April of this year.

Mr. Chandler's recollections are jotted down in such an informal, sprightly, engaging way, that the writer seems to be indulging himself in ironical comment on the dry, judicial tone which he had affected in the preceding memoir out of deference to the tastes and habits of his audience. Nothing more genial and effective in the way of biographical *ana* has lately been produced by any professional man of letters. In his appraisement of his subjects, character, abilities, and achievements, Mr. Chandler is at once generous and discriminative. He points out how Andrew was trammelled all his life by the defects of his early education, by his neglect of anything like steady work at school and college. The boy was, it seems, what is called an omnivorous, that is to say a desultory reader, but he never applied himself, like a lad who meant business, to the studies before him. It was an obvious consequence of such lack of discipline that it was at all times not only difficult for him to sit down to hard work, but that it cost him far more than the normal amount of labor to master the legal questions incessantly occurring in his practice. He got up his cases, however, with great care and patience, and in the management of them displayed a dexterity and pertinacity which must have secured him, had he lived, a high position at the bar. Indeed, at the time of his death he was doing a lucrative business, earning, Mr. Chandler tells us, some $30,000 a year. The peculiarly sympathetic character of the man might have been inferred from the character of the clients whom, in his early practice, he drew around him. No one who had a hard case, with no money to pay for legal assistance, was ever turned away from his office for that reason, and no one, however guilty, was denied the advocacy which, on technical or moral grounds, he seemed entitled to receive. "I thank God," a lawyer once exclaimed to Andrew, "that there is one man at the bar to look out for the poor devils who are guilty enough, and have no friends and no money." Before he became immersed in politics, Andrew was employed, it seems, a good deal in divorce cases, especially on behalf of the weaker sex. It must be confessed, says Mr. Chandler, that in these matters he was sometimes grossly deceived by his fair clients. A case is cited where there was conclusive evidence of the woman's guilt, and where Mr. Chandler, who was counsel for the injured husband, made known the facts to Andrew, and offered to enter into an arrangement by which the woman's wrong-doing need not come out. Andrew, we are told, regarded this as a sort of bluff, and was in the highest degree indignant, sending back defiance in strong language, embracing some robust expressions that he would not have used in a Sunday school address. "Tell your master," he shouted in conclusion, to the astonished messenger, "I am not afraid of him and all his crew." The decision, however, was against him, though Mr. Chandler thinks it doubtful whether Andrew was ever convinced of its justice.

He was a Northern Whig; in other words, Andrew, while an anti-slavery man, was in favor only of such measures as could be constitutionally adopted in relation to slavery. Although a warm personal friend of Mr. Garrison, he did not approve his methods, and was "shocked by his asperities and indiscriminate denunciations of the slave owners." He thought it was possible to hate slavery without hating every slave owner. Even after the nomination of Fremont, he declared that if the Whig Convention in Massachusetts would put a good State ticket in the field, and take no action on the Presidential question, he and his friends would coöperate in keeping the old party alive in the Commonwealth. The Whig party of Massachusetts preferred to go down with colors flying, and took a course which was intended as a declaration of war against Andrew and all who acted with him.

As a political manager Andrew was not successful. He was not, indeed, personally obnoxious, like Sumner, who, as Mr. Chandler reminds us, could not be elected a member of the School Committee in his own ward. Andrew, on the contrary, was personally popular all his life, and with all sorts of people; but when it came to matters of principle he was too "straightforward, square, and emphatic to suit those who would like to accommodate their principles to special emergencies." Moreover, he was the most obstinate of men when he took a position, and singularly destitute in a ward caucus of that "tact which is at once effective with the promiscuous crowd and those who are clothed in purple and fine linen." It was Andrew's singular good fortune that, during his two terms in the Legislature (1858-60), the Republican party was grievously deficient in parliamentary ability, and he was put forward as the champion of the popular side in an unequal contest with Caleb Cushing. Andrew got all the applause, but he also got some sharp raps from the veteran politician, which, there is too much reason to think, the sufferer never forgave. Andrew's nomination for Governor in 1860 seems to have been the outcome of a genuine popular impulse which overwhelmed the old political managers, who regarded him as an intruder upon their preserves. Mr. Chandler was in the Legislature during the second and third years after the "intruder" was inaugurated as Governor, and his personal observation justifies the statement that Andrew's "independence of partisan control alienated from him all the trading politicians, and would have broken down an ordinary man in caucuses and conventions." Andrew's strength, however, was independent of small political managers. They were always against him, and so were almost all the old leaders of his party, from the day he was first named as Governor. So powerful was this hostile influence in the Legislature that it was at one time almost fatal to any measure if it were known that Andrew desired it, and occasionally the aid of a well-known War Democrat was invoked to introduce or advocate bills, so that it might not be supposed that the Executive took any especial interest in them.

Although Mr. Chandler expresses himself with great reticence on this subject, we surmise that he does not approve the insult offered by Gov. Andrew to Caleb Cushing touching the latter's tender of his services to the Commonwealth and to the Union on the outbreak of the rebellion. Apropos of this matter, Mr. Chandler concedes that his friend more often made mistakes with regard to men than measures. He was sometimes so attracted by certain prominent characteristics as to overlook deficiencies, and, on the other hand, he was sometimes so shocked by glaring faults as to be unable to appreciate excellencies which were obvious to others. A friend once told him that he had seen a man frequently coming out of the State House who had been criminally false in a trust, and who had admitted it. The Governor flushed up as he heard the story, and exclaimed, "Well, I'll trust him; I am going to appoint him to an office." On another occasion, a young man who had been pardoned out of prison by the President on Andrew's solicitation, was given by the Governor a somewhat confidential position in the State House. The young convict was extremely useful, but kept up his crooked ways. It was of this person that a witty vagabond, whom the Governor always befriended, once said to a clerk in the State House, "John" (the Governor) "is trying to make something of B——, but he can't. I tell you that the man who is imprisoned for a long term for stealing, and gets pardoned out, and when he goes away steals the jail syringe, has got it in him to steal." It seems that the author of this remark was once imprisoned for drunkenness in the same jail with the young convict above referred to. Subsequently, when he was at a home for inebriates, the Governor sent him some money by B——. But he refused to take it, and wrote to the Governor requesting him to send it by some one else, as he was "trying to reform, and proposed to cut all his State prison acquaintances."

Mr. Chandler suggests that the Governor's partial or imperfect judgment of men may account for his course in regard to the second nomination of Lincoln. Andrew, it seems, was very active in the movement during the first half of 1864 to displace the President. The biographer considers the secrecy with which this branch of the Republican politics of that year has been ever since enveloped something marvellous, considering how many were concerned in it. He suggests that when it all comes out, if it ever does, it will make a curious page in the history of the time. The signal for the abandonment of the movement was first given in a speech by Mr. Chase, in accordance with the general opinion of the "conspirators," that it was inexpedient to press it further, after the Democratic proceedings at Chicago. President Lincoln's method of receiving a resolution of the Great and General Court, engrossed on parchment, with the great seal of the Commonwealth annexed, and tied up with plenty of red tape, seems to have given great offence to the dignified patriots of Boston. The Chief Magistrate of the nation sat, we are told, in an armchair, with one leg dangling over the elbow, while the envoy of Massachusetts presented the parchment with a little speech. The President took the document slowly, unrolled it, and remarked in a quaint way, "Well, it is not long enough to scare a fellow."

Compared with other public men of equal reputation, Gov. Andrew seems to have been cut off before his prime. He was not 50 when he died, having survived the civil war little more than two years. "In the five years, however, of his administration," says his military secretary, "he tasted the cares and sorrows, the hopes and joys, and concentrated the labors of a century of ordinary life. Such an experience aggravated his tendency to the disease which, at last, was fatal. No soldier struck by a rebel bullet on the battlefield died more truly a victim to the national cause." The two acts of Andrew's life, after the close of the war, which excited most remark, were his advocacy of Andrew Johnson's policy of reconstruction and his successful assault on the Prohibitionists. He took the ground, it will be remembered, that while the Southern States should not disfranchise the blacks on the score of race, color, or previous condition, they would be justified in denying the suffrage to the mass of them, and to a large part of the poor white population, on the score of illiteracy. The Southern States could exercise the same right which all the Northern States had at one time or another asserted, that, namely, of imposing a property or educational qualification. Gov. Andrew held that the tremendous problem of reconstruction could not be solved by manumitted slaves and a few Northern adventurers, but could only be committed to the natural leaders of opinion in the South. He urged, in a word, the conciliation of the "rebel vote," because, as a matter of fact, that was the only vote which would be intelligently cast in the Southern States.

In his famous argument on behalf of a judicious license law, as against the sweeping prohibition of the sale of alchoholic compounds, Gov. Andrew, we are told, simply expressed the honest convictions he had entertained for years. He used wine himself, and most heartily, says Mr. Chandler, despised the prevailing hypocrisy as to its use by others. As Governor he would have brought the subject of a license law before the Legislature, but for a fear that it might be the occasion of divided councils in regard to the great and absorbing subject of the war. He had profound respect for all who abstained absolutely from the use of wine, either on their own account or for example to others, but he demanded equal respect for his own discretion, and no personal considerations could restrain him from a full and free expression of his opinions. His efforts on behalf of a license law before the committee of the Legislature were crowned with success, for the State election which soon followed completely revolutionized the policy of Massachusetts on this head and vindicated Andrew's position, although it could not protect him from the slanderous attacks of malignant and pharisaical philanthropy.

In the closing pages of his memoir, Mr. Chandler discusses what it is in Gov. Andrew's life that impresses the candid student with a sense of greatness. He was not, we are told, a great orator, judged by any lofty standard. Neither was he a polished writer. Neither was he a statesman, in the meaning of that term when applied to Burke or Chatham. Neither was he a great lawyer, in the sense that Marshall and Webster were examples of juristic or forensic greatness. Of course, accident had much to do with the largeness of the rôle he was called upon to fill, but accident does not explain his filling it. The times obviously required a great instrumentality, but how came they to find it in one who, a little earlier, would have been described as a third-rate lawyer, and who, as regards political experience, had merely served a term or two in the lower branch of the State Legislature? Mr. Chandler concludes that Andrew's greatness consisted less in his abilities and acquirements than in his character. He had "a square and constant mind." He was "the embodiment of manliness, simplicity, truthfulness, justice"—the dynamic factors of man's spiritual nature, the qualities which equip those men of action who are also men of virtue.

Some Other Volumes.

A collection of *XXXVI. Lyrics and XII. Sonnets*, by T. B. ALDRICH (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), shows the perpetual charms which dwell in simplicity and elegance. As a contrast to the fantastic sentiment and strained use of language which so infect the modern fashion in poetry, we find in Mr. Aldrich's poems a delicate fancy, an utter absence of affectation, and a fluency and fitness of versification which can only be the result of severe good taste, combined with the most finished literary work. The style of the book does justice also to these traits in its contents.

A charming series of papers on natural history is *Friends Worth Knowing*, by ERNEST INGERSOLL (Harpers). The different essays on snails, mice, birds, and so forth, have appeared at various times in magazines, and are here gathered together, with illustrations which add greatly to their value. They are intended to form a popular work, but they are also written by one who has a scientific knowledge of his subject, as well as that natural attraction for it which insures his making it attractive to others.

It seems a pity that the gifted young authors of "Apple Blossoms" should, at the very outset of their career, be exhausting their talents. The poems of young girls of fifteen and sixteen must be chiefly interesting because of their promise of better things to come, and for such promise their efforts have already gained full recognition. But when a yearly succession of similar volumes is brought forward, it becomes necessary that they should be subjected to more searching criticism. Promise is not performance, and in *All Round the Year*, by ELAINE GOODALE and DORA READ GOODALE (G. P. Putnam's Sons), there can be found no poems deserving of special praise for their absolute merit. The writers, who undoubtedly show facility and talent, will be more likely to attain real excellence if they wait for greater maturity of mind and feeling before again committing themselves to the judgment of the public.

YOUNG GOLDENBERG'S CONFESSION.

The Revelations Alleged to have been Made by a Nihilist Prisoner.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 7.—In November, 1879, five days before the Moscow explosion, a Nihilist was arrested on his way to Moscow. In his possession the police found about eighty pounds of dynamite. He was at once carried to prison and kept in solitary confinement. At first he stoutly refused to say anything about his connection with the revolutionary party. But six months of the political prison destroyed his physical health and produced a strange change in his mind. On May 12, 1880, he made the following remarkable deposition in his own handwriting:

"My name is Gregory Goldenberg. I am 24 years old, a Jew, and of the Hebrew religion. I studied in the Kieff gymnasium. I depended on the revolutionary fund. In 1878 I was arrested and examined on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of the State Attorney, Kotliarevsky. I was not tried, but by administrative order I was exiled to the province of Archangelsk, whence I soon made my escape. I am a Socialist, and belong to the Terrorist wing of the Russian Revolutionary party. We began the struggle for political rights in order to change the existing political system, and to prepare a new system which would admit the free and normal development of social ideas. We employed the following means: Agitation among the educated classes and in the army in every possible form; political murders in cases when they replace free speech and a free press, undermine the prestige of the present system of government or rid the Revolutionary party of dangerous and powerful enemies. In order to prove my faith by deeds, and in order to call the attention of the public and of the Government to the fact that the students of the Kharkoff University were cruelly and lawlessly punished by the Cossacks' whips by order of the Prince Krapotkin; also to the horrible tortures perpetrated on the political prisoner, Fomin, by order of the same Prince Krapotkin; also to the fact that the students of St. Petersburg University and those of the Medico-Chirurgical Academy had been whipped by the Cossacks by order of Gen. Zuroff; also to the falsehood of the reports of Prince Krapotkin on the Kharkoff political troubles—for all these reasons, on Feb. 9, 1879, I shot and killed Prince Krapotkin. This, my deed, I confess in order to free the innocent persons who are now in prison for that crime.

"Since then we have seen a long series of both joyful and sad events. An attempt on the Czar's life, the Moscow explosion, the Winter Palace explosion, the annihilation of the two secret journals, the organs of the different wings of the Revolutionary party, executions, suicides among the revolutionists, numberless arrests and punishments, the establishment of the Supreme Executive Commission, the attempt on the life of Gen. Melikoff—all these and the like facts force us to think of our past, present, and future. Solitary confinement, like every evil in the world, has its good side. In a cell man can think independently, without prejudices, being free from the influence of all the current events. I have analyzed in my mind, over and over again, all that has been done by the Socialist party, and particularly by the wing of the Terrorists; that hard and bloody way which we have pursued; those exertions, sufferings, and tortures falling not only upon the Socialists, but on all the educated youths of our country; and I have come to a very sad conclusion, that nothing has yet been accomplished either for the country, for the people, or for the youth—nothing! And this in spite of a dreadful struggle in which men and women perish without end in the cells of the political prisons, in the far distant Siberia and Saghalien, and on the gibbet. I firmly believe that the Terrorists set out on a wrong way that cannot bring them to their noble aims, which are the enjoyment of natural human rights, political freedom, free development, education, and life in general. I have found out that the political murders not only have not brought about a better order of things, but just the contrary; they have compelled the Government to resort to extreme measures, and so we have had the unhappiness and shame of seeing over twenty executions in a short period of time. The political murders called forth that dreadful and all-destroying reaction which, like a nightmare, oppresses the whole country and paralyzes the efforts of the Popular party (narodniki) to arouse the people. The Terrorists ought not to have resorted to such a dangerous means as political executions. They ought to have known that the Government could and would resort to the same means. The Government's persecutions and executions developed in us a morbid appetite for the blood of the Czar's functionaries, and forced us to adopt the gloomy principle of terrorism; but the Government, in its turn, adopted the dreadful policy of revenge, and filled up all the prisons with the educated youths, keeping them in narrow cells during the best years of their lives. The Government's terrorism has had a demoralizing influence on many youths even of our own number, and some of them, in order to save their lives or freedom, have betrayed their comrades, as we saw in the series of political processes during 1879.

"These are the sad conclusions to which I have come after mature consideration. Of course I could keep my thoughts to myself. I could lead men to peril. I would die calmly on a gibbet, if I could only know that I would be the last victim of this gloomy period of the social development of Russia. But the idea that my execution will not be the last one, and that, on the contrary, it may be the occasion of a political murder, to be followed in its turn by revenge on the part of the Government, and that this unequal struggle is to go on till the last traces of our movement shall be crushed out, this thought causes me a dreadful anxiety. It is above my power to admit that our sincere and warm wish to see our country happy, our holy love and self-sacrifice for our native land, all our great exertions and ready martyrdoms, are to bring about only this one result, that the Kulikovo Field, the Konnaia Place, should become historical for the slaughter of the youths so dear and so necessary to Russia. I see plainly that it is impossible to let things go on as they are going now.

"In order to put an end to this bloody struggle, to bring about a better order of things, and to save many comrades from a dreadful fate, I have made up my mind to resort to the most awful means, the mere idea of which makes my blood bound in my veins and the hot tears bedew my face. I have concluded to subdue all feelings of friendship and enmity and hate (and I pray my friends to do the same), and to perform a new act of self-sacrifice for the good of the youths, of society, and of the country, dear to all of us. I have concluded to bring to light our organization, to tell the Government everything I know, and thus to put aside those horrible persecutions and executions which threaten my comrades, and a dreadful reaction that oppresses the whole country. My last and greatest wish is that the Government should revoke all the repressive measures; and to bring about this result there is only one means left to us—to pacify the Government by proving to it that the Terrorist faction is not so strong as to need such extraordinarily severe measures for its annihilation. I am sure that only the Government's ignorance of the real forces of the Terrorists caused it to resort to these extreme measures. I cannot believe that it resorts with a light heart to the executions, for it must be aware that no gibbets and no bayonets can stop a political movement. At all events, I firmly believe that the Government will appreciate my good intentions, and will leniently treat my comrades, the actors in the sad events in which, however, they took part under the influence of their civil convictions, and into which they were never led by any selfish interests."

After this prologue Goldenberg described in detail the murder of the Prince Krapotkin, the conspiracy against the Czar, the construction of the three mines to blow up the imperial train, and the Nihilist organization. He gave the names of all his comrades, implicating them in different crimes. Goldenberg himself did not live long enough to be tried. He died in the Petropaulovsky Fort in July, three months before the trial of his comrades. Naturally these were stupefied at learning that Goldenberg had made such a confession. They were brave enough not to deny their guilt; but they most decidedly refused to follow his example, and they fought hard in order to bring to light the circumstances of his death. Two of them plainly declared that he had been reduced to insanity. The military court, however, positively refused to touch that subject.

Bound to Get the Quail.

A flock of quail was scared up by a hunter in Belvidere, N. J. He singled out one of the birds and fired, not observing that a friend, who was hunting with him, was standing within range about twenty yards away. [illegible]